

Union Station Time Card

EFFECTIVE JAN. 2, 1907.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 31	7:00 am
No. 32	10:25 am
No. 33	1:50 pm
No. 34	5:10 pm
No. 35	8:30 pm

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 30	5:50 am
No. 38	7:20 am
No. 36	10:25 am
No. 34	1:50 pm
No. 32	5:10 pm
No. 30	8:30 pm

* Daily.
* Daily except Sunday.
No. 38 starts from Marion.
No. 39 starts at Marion.
No. 39 will leave Columbus at 6 p. m. on Sundays.

New York Central Lines [BIG FOUR ROUTE]

EAST BOUND.

*24	9:25 am
*46	12:25 pm
*16	7:22 pm
*18	11:17 pm
*10	6:27 pm

WEST BOUND.

*11	6:05 am
*19	9:55 am
*27	1:55 pm
*43	7:25 pm
*5	4:27 pm

All trains daily except locals and Nos. 5 and 10.

Effective, Oct. 26th, 1907.
L. E. NEBERGALL,
Ticket Agent.

For further information regarding trains, call information operator, either 'phone.

ERIE RAILROAD

**Chicago Division,
EAST BOUND.**

*4	6:07 pm
*12	4:50 am
*8	8:50 am
*16	12:40 pm
*22	5:20 pm

WEST BOUND.

*3	10:54 am
*7	11:00 am
*15	12:45 am
*21	7:00 am
*27	4:40 pm

Nos. 15 and 16 run between Mariou and Lima.

**Cincinnati Division,
EAST BOUND.**

*4	6:15 pm
*10	12:25 am
*12	12:25 am
*8	9:00 am
*16	12:50 pm

WEST BOUND.

*3	10:59 am
*9	1:15 am
*15	4:45 pm

* Daily. * Daily except Sunday.

Those Twins

Make it cheaper to travel
than to stay

AT HOME

Twin Tickets are tickets good either for one round trip or for two people one way. Just like buying two street car tickets. Twin tickets between Marion and Columbus are worth \$1.35 a pair. "Ask the man" at the Union Station, he sells them only via the

Hocking Valley.

BIG FOUR ROUTE February Bulletin.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS

To California, Oregon, Washington, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, Montana, New Mexico, Texas, Mexico and British Columbia on sale daily.

WINTER TOURIST RATES

To Cuba, Florida, Gulf Coast, Porto Rico and all island Southern Winter Resorts, also to Texas and California. Tickets on sale daily so April 30, 1908.

NAT'L EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

Department of Superintendence, Washington, D. C. February 25, 26 and 27, 1908.

MARDI GRAS GARNIVALS

March 8, 1908, at New Orleans; La. Mobile, Ala.; Pensacola, Fla. Round-trip tickets on sale February 26, 27, 28 and 29 and March 1 and 2, 1908.

H. J. RHEIN, Gen. Pass Agt.
G. P. O. 48 Cincinnati, O.

You Owe It

to your own health to buy the best medicine. You can't afford to be careless. Buy the best. You can't afford to be careless. Buy the best. You can't afford to be careless. Buy the best.

MARION NOSES OUT THE URICHSVILLE TEAM ON OVERTIME

In a great game of polo last night Marion finally won out in twenty seconds overtime after Ulrichsville had tied the score just before the close of the third period by the score of 8 to 7.

It was a pretty contest and the large crowd that braved the storm to witness the game was well repaid. Marion secured the lead early in the game and kept ahead until the last period when the visitors played some rather sensational polo and tied the score. Shaw caged the winning goal twenty seconds after play was resumed.

Lee Taylor was back in the game again and while he played a good game his work was not up to his usual standard. Within a short time the star rush will be in good shape and the playing of the result. Shaw's goal shooting was phenomenal.

Hadley and E. Devlin indulged in a hugging matchout were separated before any blows were struck. The time-up: Marion. Ulrichsville.

MA S SIGNED

Manager O'Day will Try-Out a Columbus Infelder.

Harry Thomas, an infelder, who played with the Rarig's, a Columbus semi-professional team, last season, has been signed by the local club. Thomas was recommended by Nate McCoy, who at one time managed a semi-professional team here.

HEADQUARTERS

Established by Robert Quinn in Harrison Building.

President Robert Quinn, of the Ohio State league has opened offices in the Harrison building in Columbus. The president's offices will be the headquarters of the league during the playing season.

JUGGLED HIS EYE.

The Trick by Which Lord Wolsley Conquered an Arab.

The loss of an eye years ago once stood Lord Wolsley in good stead. It seemed impossible to get any information of the enemy's strength and the forces under the command of Arabi Pasha. At length an Arab was caught near one of the outposts. Naturally expecting that he would be able to give a good deal of information, he was taken before Lord Wolsley, who questioned him. The man, however, refused to speak.

Seeing that it was useless to continue to ply him with questions, the commander in chief resolved to use strategy. "It is no use your refusing to answer me," he said to the man, "I am a wizard, and at a single word I can destroy you and your masters. To prove this to you I will take out my eye, throw it up into the air, catch it and put it back into my head."

Snatching the action to the word, Lord Wolsley removed his glass eye, threw it into the air, caught it and put it back into the empty socket. That demonstration was sufficient to convert the Arab. A man who could do such a miracle was a wizard indeed and was to be propitiated, not angered. He capitulated without further demur, and the information he gave is said to have led to Arabi's defeat.

ECCENTRIC PLANCHE.

Why the Famous Critic's Hands Were Still Soiled After a Bath.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald says that a remark attributed to the late Sully Prudhomme was made originally by the famous and eccentric literary and dramatic critic, Gustave Planché, who died in Paris in September, 1857. For a long time it was thought that he slept in the public streets, and he himself took pleasure in giving credit to this report.

"Where are you lodging?" some one asked him.

"I don't lodge," he replied; "I perch."

"And where?"

"Champs Elysees, third tree to the right."

Another anecdote of Planché is that, being once invited to dine with a celebrated actress, Aunias or Mme. Dorval, he arrived before the company.

"My goodness, Planché," cried the hostess, "what a figure you cut! Go take a bath. I beg. Here is a ticket."

He returned in an hour's time as clean as when he set out. "You unhappy man, you have not taken the bath!"

"By my faith, I have!"

"Look at your hands."

"Ah, that is because I had a book with me in the water."

The Thief Trackers.

A curious profession among the Bedonin is that of the "thief trackers." Being without padlocks or stables and their animals always more or less at liberty, theft of stock would appear to be an easy and frequent matter. Each tribe, however, has its little company of "trackers," and it would be either a bold or an ignorant man indeed who ventured to interfere with an Arab's

Shaw R. B. Quigley
Taylor S. R. Roberts
E. Devlin G. Hadley
H. Devlin H. B. Ball
Hickey G. May

Summary—Goals—Shaw 5, Taylor 2, E. Devlin, Quigley 3, Roberts 2, Hadley 2, Rushes—Shaw 12, Quigley 6, Stops—Hickey 34, May 36, Fouts—E. Devlin, Hadley, Referee—Moran.

COSHOCKTON, 9; MANSFIELD, 3.
Mansfield, O., Feb. 25.—Coshockton defeated Mansfield tonight 9 to 3 in an interesting game. The visitors took the lead in the second period and clinched the game in the final one. Line-up:

Mansfield. Coshockton.
Long F. R. Williams
Houghton S. R. Hickey
Whiting C. Harrold
Morgan H. B. Bolso
Wallace G. Graffam

Goals—Long, 2, Houghton, William 5, Hickey 3, Bolso, Rushes—Long 10, Williams 5, Stops—Wallace 48, Graffam 39, Referee—Lee.

live stock. There was one instance in which a camel stolen from a camp near Ismailia was, after weeks of labor, successfully tracked to the Sudan, where the beast was recaptured and summary vengeance wreaked upon the robbers. Selected for natural ability and trained from boyhood to discriminate between each animal's footprint, this faculty becomes so highly developed that a particular horse or camel's trail is unerringly picked up from among the thousands of impressions on the dusty highway.

Although he has, of course, not been at school for years, he can repeat pages of Virgil and Homer, and probably could repeat nearly the entire Book of Common Prayer of the Episcopal church, of which he is a worshiper.

Mr. Story is a student of genealogy and history and has a vast fund of information on those subjects. From memory he can draw the map of almost any country on the globe. When he was five years old he started to school, and the first day he was promoted to the first class, but was put back because of his lack of knowledge of geography. That lack he has since supplied. He continued at school until he was graduated from Harvard. Mr. Story is a son of the late Judge Isaac Story of Massachusetts and comes of a brainy family.

Clothes in New York.
Clothes, the kind that are spelled with a capital "C," mount to a price that would seem like fiction if you had not found it really. There are shops along Fifth avenue—those that are labeled "Louise," "Harriette," "Mme. Jeanne"—where one buys a gown or a hat—that is, one would if one had the money—a collector buys a Corot or a Rubens. The artist—oh, dear, no! nothing so plebeian as a dressmaker or a milliner—herself wears, say, a costume of lace with a rope of pearls to her knees. She meets her customers in a reception room where oriental rugs hush the footfall and softly shaded lights blend the colorings in the decorations. She looks my lady over. The hired designers, the fitters, the needlewomen do the rest. And the last comes in, \$30 to \$150 for a hat, \$500 to \$2,000 for a gown. There are plenty of prices like that in New York. Then there are others that gently let you down, down until you strike prevailing rock bottom at about \$15 for the making of a gown and \$25 for a hat that is a hat—Broadway Magazine.

Gambling in Cuba.
American influence has brought about some important changes in Cuban customs and notably in the abolition of the bull ring and the cockpit, which used to be the chief Sunday attractions of the populace. Not a few of the better class of Havanaese desire the same fate for Jai Alai and would rejoice to see the Fronton closed forever. High and low wage immorality on this game, and many stories of ruined reputations and wrecked businesses are connected with it. Every race has its prevailing vice and its comparative freedom from others. The Cubans are incurable gamblers, but drunkenness is virtually unknown among them. Both sexes in Havana spend a great deal of time in the numerous open air cafes, but they drink for the most part nonalcoholic, fruity beverages, of which there is an extensive variety peculiar to the country.—C. H. Forbes-Lindsay in World Today.

Chameleon Paint.
A color changing paint for use upon machinery has recently been introduced on the New York market. This paint will be useful as an indicator of hot boxes or hot bearings. Red when cool, it will change to black at whatever temperature is too high for the machine it guards. Then when the machine cools it will change back to red again. The paint is made by mixing mercuric iodide and cupric iodide with distilled water in proportions that vary according to the degree of heat whereat it is desirable for the color change to occur.

Bull Moose Nose.
The nose of a big Alaska bull moose weighs eight pounds and when boiled twenty-four hours into a gelatin makes the choicest and most nutritious article of diet to be had in all Alaska. At least this is what Webster Brown of this city, who has hunted and skinned an eye Alaska, says, and he ought to know. —Chicago Times.

Hopelessly Insolvent.
"So Meier has gone to smash, I hear."

"Yes; even if he had been a grafter one could have said with truth that he was up to his ears in debt."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Every great crisis develops some master mind as well as a multitude of visionaries.

Selections

HE DOESN'T FORGET.

Frederick W. Story of Baltimore Has a Wonderful Memory.

Those who know Frederick W. Story, the Baltimore lawyer, do not regard it as remarkable, says the Baltimore Sun, that he was able to reproduce from memory the will of his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Story, who died some years ago.

Mr. Story wrote the will from his recollections of it after having read the document, and his draft has been sent to the probate court of Middlesex county, Mass., to be set up in lieu of the original will, which has been lost.

His associates in the city solicitor's office frequently call upon him for a name or a date, and he has scarcely been known to fail to give the desired information. Some of those who know him say he never forgets anything he reads or sees. He has at his fingers' ends all the important decisions of the court of appeals and can mention the title of any case in which a point that may be at issue has been decided.

He admits that he may have forgotten some things, but he can repeat the name of every member of the house of Plantagenet, the names of the kings and queens of England and France and the rulers of many other countries, with the dates and duration of their terms. He can repeat also the names of the presidents of the United States with the years in which they served, but he says every one should be able to do that.

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TALE OF AN UMBRELLA

My husband was a collector for the Safety Insurance company, and he had gone down to B. to collect the sums gathered by the agents in that town.

He had already been away a week and had telegraphed me that morning to the effect that he intended returning that same afternoon, but it was 10 o'clock p. m. before I heard the welcome click of his latchkey. As we crossed the hall he stopped and took down his overcoat from the peg, at the same time taking his umbrella in his other hand and saying:

"Rhoda, my dear, you may as well put this in the lumber room. It is smashed entirely now." And he laughingly opened his old "gamp," which was indeed a complete wreck. I took it from him when he had closed it, and while he went to kiss our little ones I flung the umbrella into a distant corner of a dark closet under the attic stairs.

Next morning Edward kissed us as usual and set off, looking bright, strong and happy. About 11 o'clock I was busy making a pudding for an early dinner when an unusually peremptory knock at the hall door started me.

I hastened to open it and was surprised to confront two strangers, my husband-looking pale and troubled—and Mr. Snell, the director of the company by which my husband was employed.

They walked in, and Mr. Snell at once addressed me.

"Mrs. Falkner, forgive this intrusion, but your husband has lost his pocket-book—or at least he says so—containing bills to the value of \$3,500."

"Lost! Oh, Edward, how could it happen?" I cried.

"I don't know," he said mournfully. "I had it in my overcoat pocket last night after I came home, and, as you know, I took my coat into our bedroom, and it was there (the coat) this morning, for nobody went into our room except ourselves."

"Are you sure you brought it home?" I asked.

"Sure! Yes, of course I'm sure!" he said impatiently.

"Then in that case we must search the house," said one of the strangers.

"Oh, do, oh, do," I said eagerly. "It must be somewhere about."

"In the meantime I must ask you to stay in this room," he responded, and they went out of the room, leaving us alone with Mr. Snell.

The book could not be found in the house, and, though all was done that could be in the way of advertising and offering rewards, all our efforts were unavailing.

Edward was discharged from his situation, and many of the people of the town did not scruple to say he had appropriated the funds to his own use. However, the directors were not among these, and as they quite believed them lost prosecution was of no avail. Still, they could not keep in their employ a man guilty of such culpable carelessness.

The house we lived in was our own, having been presented to me as a wedding gift, so we decided to stay in it, but to sell the better part of the furniture. This we did, and Edward went to America, where he succeeded in obtaining a post as clerk in New York.

Time went on, and more than two years had passed since our trouble. I had let my unfurnished rooms to a nice quiet family and undertaken to attend to them, which enabled me to keep the wolf from the door.

My two little girls were now growing up and would soon require to go to school, an expense which I was not as yet prepared to meet. For two years I had not seen my husband, and I felt the separation keenly, and I could not help the yearnings of my heart creeping into my letters. Edward noticed this, and in March, 1880, he wrote telling me to prepare to come out to him next month. He would forward me the requisite funds.

We were greatly excited and began packing at once. I sold the house for \$1,000 and paid the money to Mr. Snell as part payment of the missing \$3,500 and also sold the larger articles of furniture. The latter sum helped me to provide a few necessities for our wardrobe.

The money came from Edward, and all was now prepared when I remembered the lumber in the stairs closet and told the charwoman to bring it out. She did so, my little girls helping her.

I had gone downstairs for something when I heard a cry of surprise, and Mrs. Egan, the charwoman, came running downstairs bearing in one hand a dusty old umbrella of my husband's and in the other the long lost pocket-book. She had found it in the umbrella, she explained.

Instantly it was clear to my mind. As my husband closed the old "gamp" that night, now three years ago, and dug his coat over his arm the pocket-book must have slipped down into the umbrella. In less than an hour I had handed it to Mr. Snell and wired my husband the joyful news.

Instead of our going to America my husband came back to England and on the 24th of May, 188—, resumed his duties as head collector of the Safety Insurance company, and I'm proud to say he still holds that post.

We kept the "gamp" as a curiosity and shall hand it down to posterity as the instrument which nearly gave my husband penal servitude.—London News.

Explained.
"Every coin has an obverse and a reverse side, hasn't it?"

"Yes," replied the pessimist. "The obverse side is the one I invariably rail when the coin is tossed up; the reverse side is so called because it makes you lose."—Manchester Journal.

S.S.S. CURES S.S.S. BLOOD POISON A SAFE HOME TREATMENT

In S. S. S. nature has provided a certain, safe, home cure for Contagious Blood Poison. It is a medicine made entirely of roots and herbs of recognized blood-purifying value, and is the one medicine which is able to get down to the root of the trouble and remove every particle of the virus, and at the same time benefit and build up the system and general health. No harmful effects ever follow its use, as is so often the case when strong mineral medicines are used. As soon as the system gets under the influence of S. S. S. the disease begins to improve, and when the remedy has thoroughly purified the blood and driven out every trace of the poison, no signs of the trouble are ever seen again. The general manifestations of Contagious Blood Poison such as falling hair, copper-colored spots, ulcerated mouth and throat, sores and ulcers, etc., are merely symptoms of the poisoned condition of the blood, and in most cases respond quickly to local treatment, while S. S. S. is doing the necessary work of cleansing the blood. Our "Home Treatment" book is of great assistance along this line. It is a complete guide for treating the trouble, containing instructions for the different stages of the disease, and also valuable suggestions about the local treatment, that will be most helpful in effecting a cure. We will be glad to send a copy of this book, free of charge, to any who desire it, and if special medical advice is wanted our physicians will take pleasure in supplying it without cost to the patient. If you are suffering with Contagious Blood Poison you can cure yourself in the privacy of your own home by the use of S. S. S., an absolutely safe remedy.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

NEW SHORT STORIES

The Old Time Storekeeper.

J. B. McNeil, a wholesale grocer of Chicago, calculates that through living in the suburbs he has traveled 750,000 miles on the trains in the past thirty-five years.

"While I have been traveling," said Mr. McNeil the other day, "the grocery business has changed for the better, and I hope I have helped a little in the change."

"Grocers and general storekeepers are more liberal than they used to be—kinder, more polished, more gentlemanly. Let me give you an idea of the typical storekeeper of the past, the storekeeper of the early fifties."

He dispensed letters and cabbage, postal cards and underwear, with an equal hand.

"But one autumn a rival establishment opened across the way a general store that was a little brighter, a little

more ornate, a little better. The new-comer marveled at that in his own happy land and inquired the reason.

"He was informed that they belonged to an unusual human species. They had come from a peculiar little corner of a big country, which corner was known as 'Maine,' and had to be kept under restraint so that they would not return there."—Washington Cor. Boston Herald.

The Retort Courteous.

Black-Jones wrote his father that he was having considerable trouble to keep up with his expenses.

"White—And what did his father say?"

"Black—That such a fast man should have no trouble at all."—Harvard Lampoon.

Deficient.

"The pen," remarked the student, "is mightier than the sword."

"Yes," answered the man who likes the pomp and trappings, "but it doesn't make near the showing in a reception or a parade."—Washington Star.

More Ornament Than Useful.

"Your daughter," said the jolly friend, "has such a comprehensive sweep over the piano."

"I wish," murmured the overworked mother, "she had that same about the house."—Baltimore American.